

## Submitting 191

### Chapter 191

Genevieve gently looked at Anthony with a smile, revealing her dimples as if she could see through his mind instantly.

He quickly looked away as if her stare was scorching his eyes, and he had mixed feelings.

Quincey went to hold Genevieve's hand, tears welling up in her eyes, and pleaded piteously, "Genevieve, please save her again for Anthony's sake. Lauraine is still young. Can you bear to watch her die?"

It was as if she had suddenly become a loving mother and had forgotten the tension between her and Genevieve.

Genevieve's gaze was filled with undisguised disgust..

She retracted her hand and shook it twice as if she had touched something dirty.

"That's disgusting, she thought..

"Don't try to guilt-trip me. It's not my daughter or sister who is dying. What does it have to do with me?" asked Genevieve.

Every cold word from Genevieve made Anthony's face darken.

Flustered and exasperated, Quincey pointed at her and said, "How can you say that? You're letting her die. Are you still human?"

Genevieve chuckled and retorted in a good mood, "Why not? Even you are a human. I'm much more noble than you."

The doctors and Daniel didn't dare to say a word.

Anthony pursed his thin lips and looked as cold as ice.

The relationship between Genevieve and the Hoffman family was worse than expected.

Quincey was furious. Hearing Anthony's words, she suddenly thought of something and instantly calmed down.

Desi tinn lesurunu at Anthony's mansion, I knew you still liked him. As

stupid like before and insist on marrying into your family? Everything will change eventually. Even if you kneel and beg me. I won't look at you once!"

She didn't care if Anthony was there.

Although she hadn't completed her plan, she couldn't hold back her anger anymore.

Anthony looked at Genevieve when the remarriage was mentioned.

He wanted to see if there were any reactions on her face, hoping to see if she was swayed, happy or even hesitant.

However, he didn't see anything.

There was only calmness and sarcasm.

Her eyes showed coldness that he didn't know the origin of Quincey was flustered and exasperated, took a deep breath, and burst into tears in front of everyone. "Fine. If you insist that I kneel, I'll do it as long as you save Lauraine..."

As Quincey spoke, her legs went weak, and she was about to face Genevieve and kneel.

Genevieve stood there as if nothing had happened, looking indifferent.

She didn't reach out to help Quincey. Even if the latter really knelt, she would let her be.

However, the next second, Anthony pulled Quincey up and said coldly, "That's enough."

After he said that, Quincey didn't dare to rant anymore.

Genevieve couldn't help rolling her eyes.

Anthony held Genevieve's arm and left.

Genevieve looked indifferent. Her heart didn't soften at all, and she didn't hide her intention to rub salt into one's wound.

If it was in the past, she might have considered saving Lauraine.

However, Genevieve wanted her dead so badly now. Then, she wouldn't have to struggle to take revenge

Anthony brought her to Lauraine's observation room n

Through the glass, they could clearly see Lauraine. The girl was lying lifeless on the bed with tubes all over her body.

Genevieve looked at her calmly and indifferently.

Anthony's voice sounded behind her, "Genevieve, that's a human life. Is your grudge more important? She talked to you at the mall a few hours ago. Even if you two had a conflict and even if she's my sister, I would still help you. Can't you forgive her for that?"

Genevieve blinked and thought, 'He's exactly like his mom, trying to guilt-trip me! They surely are mother and son! But unfortunately, I hate this the most.'

"No. I'll transfer the money spent at the mall to you later. If you're trying to make me feel grateful using such a small amount of money, don't even think about it." She thought, "It's ridiculous to try to make himself feel good by doing a small favor.

After saying that, Genevieve turned around and was about to leave.

Anthony grabbed her arm tightly and said hoarsely, "Genevieve, why could you do it three years ago but can't now? Tell me what you want!" Genevieve suddenly raised her head and looked at him coldly. His features looked cold, and he had a powerful and noble aura filled with indescribable gloom and coldness.

He was also trying to control his emotions.

Genevieve's voice was indifferent. "Because I loved you three years ago and was willing to die for you. Now..."

She just wanted to ruin him for revenge.

Anthony's eyes froze for a moment. He looked at her and said hoarsely, "But now what?"

'Doesn't she love me anymore? Why can't I feel her burning love? All I think is her subtly getting close and away from me and her affecting my emotions, he thought.

Remaining silent, Genevieve pulled her arm away and looked at him coldly. "Anthony, you don't have to guilt-trip me like your mother. It has nothing to do with me whether Lauraine dies. I won't be softhearted because of you."

Three years ago, she wanted him.

Three years later, she had nothing left to ask for.

It had never been her style to waste her life on someone who wasn't worth it and to repay evil with good.

An eye for an eye was more satisfying.

After Genevieve said that, she was about to leave.

Anthony chuckled behind her. "You don't want TuringTech Innovations' project anymore? What if I make a E deal

with it?"

Genevieve v

was at the end of her tether. She gritted her teeth in anger and turned to look at him, emotions surging in her eyes. "Do you think I care about the money or that the Lawrence family needs it? Let alone 200 million dollars. I don't even care if it is 2 or

20 billion dollars. Anthony, what good will it do you to threaten me

and force me to die?"

Her words were like stones thrown down the lake, heavy and full of impact.

Anthony's heart skipped a beat.

For some reason, there was an indescribable suffocation and throbbing pain in his chest.

After saying that, Genevieve turned around and left.

Her figure looked firm but cold, as if it could be shattered and disappear in the next second.

Anthony had a heavy feeling in his chest.

Suddenly, there was some confusion and panic like he had lost something important.

However, he couldn't go after her because Quincey ran over flusteredly and cursed indignantly That bitch. How dare she do this to us? Even if En.

she insists on remarrying, we won't agree! Who cares about her? Does she really think she's a decent human?"

Anthony's face was gloomy, and his eyes darkened as he suppressed his emotions.

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Daniel approached with a phone. "Mr. Hoffman, I've contacted the hospital. If there's a suitable match, Ms. Hoffman will be the priority."

Quincey cursed silently, "How long will that take? I suggest we just bring Genevieve over."

I Daniel's expression changed abruptly and looked at Quincey in shock.

Anthony's eyes instantly turned cold. He sharply turned to Quincey with an icy glare. "Who dares? If she doesn't want to, then find someone else. Don't you dare."

Quincey couldn't help trembling.

Despite losing her memory, she still had some inherent fear of Anthony.

"I won't touch her. I'm just suggesting for Lauraine's sake," Quincey mumbled as she retreated to a nearby chair.

'That bitch got off easy!' she cursed inwardly.

Soon, Hoffman Group issued a notice.

Everyone was encouraged to donate their bone marrow, and those with a successful match would receive 200 thousand dollars and a six-month vacation with open promotion opportunities as rewards.

The generous opportunity tempted everyone.

No one would be unmoved by the huge sum of money.

With Anthony's generous rewards, everyone rushed to get tested after work.

After much effort, a suitable match was found within Hoffman Group.

But the person was pregnant so she couldn't donate.

All efforts were in vain.

The Hoffman family was filled with a sense of despair.

Meanwhile, Genevieve was doing well on her end.

She had pulled countless strings to connect with the capitalist behind Turing Tech Innovations.

But they refused to show themselves.

Genevieve grew even more curious.

However, they suddenly contacted her and asked for a meet-up.

It was said that bigshot was in Clusia for a business trip, and they only had a short time.

Genevieve was overjoyed and immediately asked someone to make preparations.

When the time came, she arrived at the café early.

The sun had almost set, and the evening sky transformed into a gentle, warm canvas painted with golden hues, casting a blanket of gold over the world.

The person was late for five minutes.

Five minutes later, the wind chimes at the door tinkled softly.

She looked up at the newcomer and drew a sharp breath.

A handsome man entered, exuding warmth and dignity. He wore a neatly pressed black overcoat, and his features were as gentle and familiar as ever.



His tall figure stood before Genevieve, and his voice was low and magnetic as he spoke. "Long time no see, Gen."

Genevieve didn't expect it to be Louis, whom she owed her life and tried to escape from.

Her emotions churned inside, unsure whether to feel fearful or relieved..

"Is TuringTech Innovations your company?" she asked.

Louis nodded and sat opposite her. He looked at her gently, restraining his longing and feelings. "How are you?"

He had planned to chase after Genevieve as soon as she returned.

But recalling the craziness of the previous time, he realized he had pushed her too hard and scared her away.

So he waited patiently for an opportunity.

Genevieve pursed her lips, feeling a brief pang in her chest, but she kept a calm expression. "I'm fine."

She couldn't hate him. She didn't have the right, nor did she have the heart to.

She knew he was sincere. It was just that she couldn't accept his ways.

Going back to being friends was the best choice for them.

Genevieve didn't want to mention her days in Atharia because she didn't want others to resent him for her. Louis was complicated but kind-hearted.

Louis lowered his eyes. The light cast shadows across his profile. A hint of darkness lingered beneath his lashes.

He smiled and said in a deep voice, "That's good, Gen. Are we still friends?"

Genevieve smiled. "Of course."

Louis breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm glad you don't blame me."

"I don't blame you. Failed relationships are the fault of both parties. I was at fault too," Genevieve replied.

Thinking back now, Genevieve realized that her anxiety from being disconnected from the outside world had made her too radical at that time.

Wrong timing and wrong setting were destined for no result.

Louis didn't display much emotion.

He simply took out a document and handed it over.

Genevieve opened it and was surprised. "This is..."

"It's the transfer agreement of Turing Tech Innovations. From now on, you're the owner," Louis said casually, smiling slightly. It was as if it were just an ordinary gift.

Genevieve looked at the terms stated, pursed her lips, and secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

"Are you asking for shadow shares?" she asked.

Louis desired shadow shares not through direct involvement but by obtaining a portion from Genevieve's holdings.

The contract could remain confidential.

Louis nodded. "With TuringTech Innovations, you'll have priority in the project. Your shareholding percentage won't be low, I'm only asking for three percent no matter the amount."

One with a three percent stake wouldn't even get a seat on the table.

It was insignificant.

Genevieve felt Louis was getting the short end of the stick.

But Louis was indifferent. He smiled and said, "I trust your judgment. I won't meddle in project matters. But since I handed over TuringTech Innovations to you, can I have a share?"

His humility made it difficult for Genevieve to refuse.

With Louis' wealth, he wouldn't care about the petty profit.

But since he brought it up, Genevieve naturally agreed.

"Sure, but I'm curious, how did Turing Tech Innovations end up in your hands?"

she asked.

Louis smiled and explained, "Johnson came to me. He owed a loan shark, so he sold the company to me at a bargain didn't pay much heed as the company was in disarray and let him continue managing it. Who knew it would become the key to your project?"

Genevieve smiled knowingly. She hadn't reached out to Louis at that time, so naturally, he was unaware of her plans.

She hadn't expected the coincidence.

Pressing her lips, she took out her phone with a smile. "I'll have the contract drafted right ht away."

"Don't worry. Just send it to me when m

it's ready. You can contact me directly, I have a flight go now." Louis up and smiled faintly. "Take care, Gen."

in an hour, I need to Genevieve was stunned before standing up with a smile. "Have a safe trip."

Louis opened his arms, and Genevieve smiled as she went over to hug him briefly.

Their hug was brief and polite, devoid of any lingering affection.

It felt like their relationship had returned to before.

Louis looked at Genevieve gently and acted as if he caressed her hair. "Gen, contact me if you need anything."

Genevieve nodded.

She saw him off, watching him get into the car and leave.

She went back inside happily and picked up the documents on the table.

'This came to no effort at all!' she exclaimed inwardly.

To avoid unexpected changes, she immediately informed the legal department to work overtime on the contract confidentially.

She wanted it to be a surprise.

At Hoffman Group.

Anthony stared at the photos Daniel sent, his expression turning cold and distant as he fell silent for a long while.

The photo was taken from a certain angle outside the café.

It captured the scene of Genevieve and Louis embracing each other while saying goodbye.

In the picture, they locked eyes with each other, looking affectionate and inseparable.

Anthony was furious.

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Ever since Genevieve agreed to their unrepresentable relationship. Anthony had considered her one of his own and was under constant scrutiny. Otherwise, how would he know she had broken up with Emilio?

His eyes narrowed at the photos as he thought, 'I've never hugged her like that. What rights does Louis have?'

A sharp pain in his chest reminded him that their relationship, whether between them or with others, was completely unreasonable. A surge of intense emotions enveloped him like a suffocating wave.

Seeing Anthony's worsening expression, Daniel hurriedly fetched his medicine and handed it to him. "Calm down, Mr. Hoffman. Ms. Lawrence is still legally married to Louis. Even if we're upset, we can only hold it in!"

Anthony, who had gradually calmed down, instantly turned cold.

Slap! He slammed the documents onto the table, scattering them everywhere.

'To hell with that married couple!' he cursed inwardly.

Daniel stood there in shock while holding the two pills in his hand. "Mr. Hoffman, let's take your medicine first."

Anthony clutched his chest and felt a dull ache in his head. He took a deep breath before eating the medicine.

Daniel quickly brought him water.

'What a bad-tempered and weak CEO!' he thought.

Then, he quickly tried to mediate the dispute. "Mr. Hoffman, holding onto grudges can lead to illness. Remember the argument with Ms. Lawrence at the hospital? Let's not make things worse by acting rashly.

Daniel kept on, fearing Anthony's temper might offend Genevieve again, Genevieve was just an ordinary person in the past, but now, she was the young lady of Lawrence Group.

If they wished her to donate bone marrow, they'd have to seek approval from the Lawrence family!

Therefore, from the beginning. Daniel felt their plan would not work.

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They might as well count on someone else.

Anthony's face turned cold and ashen as he stared straight at Daniel.

"Why are you talking so much nonsense?" he snapped, silencing Daniel instantly.

The latter picked up the scattered items from the ground and placed them back on Anthony's table before leaving silently.

Anthony's eyes darted around the room, landing on the photo again. Anger surged within him, nearly prompting him to hurl the object in his hand.

But suddenly, he stiffened and withdrew his strength.

On his hand was a bracelet adorned with reddish-brown beads, which he always wore.

Anthony suddenly stopped.

He felt overwhelmed, like drowning with no escape, unable to breathe or move.

Helpless suffocation engulfed him.

He slid the bracelet onto his left hand and placed it near his heart, and gradually, the intense beating of his heart began to calm.

Since they parted ways at the hospital last time, they hadn't contacted each other again.

Anthony didn't understand why Genevieve hated Lauraine so much.

He wondered if her hatred was for Lauraine or him.

Anthony vaguely felt that something was being kept from him.

They couldn't find anyone with a successful match in Hoffman Group.

Therefore, they could only expand their search to its subsidiaries and affiliated companies.

But the search would take time.

Lauraine's condition worsened by the day.

Even Presley began to worry and started visiting the hospital every few days.

Then, unknowingly, they started approaching the Lawrence family.

Only a few people knew about Lauraine's hospitalization.

Both Darrell and Samantha were also unaware of it.

When they saw Presley and Quincey come bearing gifts, they had a bad feeling.

Because of what happened last time, the Lawrence family didn't have much goodwill toward the Hoffman family. Therefore, they acted polite on the surface. Anthony didn't show up.

Quincey put on a double-sided act and acted affectionately to Samantha as if they were closer than sisters. Even Samantha found her act impressive.

Darrell remained calm. Looking at the impatient Samantha, he smiled as he accommodated Presley's humble demeanor.

Presley also felt a little uncomfortable. He cleared his throat and said, "I heard Mr. Lawrence loved collecting paintings. Here's a genuine work by Leonardo Da Vinci that I specially asked people to seek. I hope you'll accept it."

Darrell glanced at it and smiled. "Mr. Hoffman, you're too kind. It's all rumors. I come from humble beginnings and not exactly someone who appreciates fine art."

Presley had inherited Hoffman Group from Frank, but things took a downturn as soon as he took over.

-But Darrell built his success from scratch. While he did not come from a prestigious family, he never shied away from his past.

After all, his current wealth and influence far surpassed those of second and third generations from prestigious families.

Presley's expression remained unchanged as he smiled and said, "Mr. Lawrence, you're too modest. I-"

"Just get to the point. Stop wasting time," Darrell interrupted as he took a sip of his coffee.

Presley paused and continued with a smile, "Speaking of which, our two families have a deep connection. Three years ago, Genevieve donated bone marrow to Lauraine and saved her life. We've been grateful ever since. Recently, Lauraine fell ill again. I would like to ask for Genevieve's help once more.

Quincey chimed in with a smile, "That's right..."

Darrell and Samantha exchanged glances with each other and stopped smiling instantly.

Darrell's face turned grim and sneered, "So that's what this is about.

Stop dreaming, Mr. Hoffman. Why should Genevieve donate to om Lauraine? She acted on her own accord three years ago, and I haven't held her accountable for it yet! When saving a life, we need to consider if that person is worth saving as well. Based on our relationship now, if she dares to donate, I'll drive her out of the family!"

Darrell stood up directly and instructed the butler, "Move Mr. Hoffman's gift to the car and see him off."

He didn't even want to maintain his facade anymore. With a cold snort, he turned and went upstairs.

Presley's expression turned pale for a while.

He was too angry to speak.

"Why is Mr. Lawrence so ruthless?" he asked.

Samantha scoffed, "There's nothing more to say. Let's Just wic Ms. Hoffman a speedy recovery."

She didn't want to stay there for any longer and left them to the maid and the butler.

Presley and Quincey left dispiritedly.

They even felt deeply wronged.

Darrell watched their departing figures from the balcony upstairs with dark gazes.

Holding a phone in his hand, he warned, "Gen, if you dare to be foolish and throw yourself at the Hoffman family again, you won't be my daughter anymore!"

Samantha couldn't help laughing as she approached. "She's not that stupid. If Genevieve would agree, the Hoffman family won't come here to see us." Genevieve stopped smiling when she hung up the phone. 'The Hoffman family actually went to the Lawrence residence! Looks like they're desperate,' she thought.

She chuckled lightly and then spun around in her office chair.

Jasper knocked on the door and came in. "Ms. Lawrence, Anthony has requested the relevant department to check your qualifications for the transfer project. I heard that Hoffman Group has already started injecting funds into TuringTech Innovations. Mr. Hoffman's planning to kick us out..."

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ou Jasper didn't rush to leave. He continued, "Mr. Hoffman left a message saying that if you need help, you can always look for him."

When he heard the news, he was somewhat shocked.

He wasn't sure if Anthony was serious or just looking for an excuse to make Genevieve beg him.

Jasper looked at Genevieve cautiously.

Anthony was relentlessly pursuing Genevieve in both private and business matters.



He didn't know what to say.

He thought Genevieve would be angry, but she wasn't.

She only sat there and smiled expressionlessly. "Kick me out? In his dreams! It's him who's getting the boot this time."

Genevieve stood up and asked, "Is the transfer of Turing Tech Innovations taken care of?"

Jasper rolled his eyes and understood instantly. "It's done. We can announce it anytime."

"No rush." Genevieve raised her eyebrows. She was looking forward to Anthony's reaction.

As someone who thought he was way ahead on the racetrack, Genevieve wondered if Anthony would be infuriated to find her waiting at the finish line.

The department assigned to review the project was attended by Maxwell Quigley, the deputy from the project. department, as Eric was not needed.

But in the eyes of outsiders, it looked like Genevieve had given up on Eric.

Therefore, Maxwell was especially enthusiastic.

Genevieve only showed up occasionally to make an appearance.

The review process took a week. Throughout the company, everyone except for Genevieve and Jasper was busy preparing for the review.

Some people do not know the inside story and feel anxious.

Genevieve allowed the anxiety to spread.

She didn't go to Anthony as well.

Neither of them had any contact with each other.

Even if Genevieve's plans were interrupted by Lauraine's sudden illness, she didn't feel any regret about it.

After all, it was hard to be pretentious.

at Genevieve was seen as the weaker side of the project, and even Jacinta couldn't help coming over.

She sat in Genevieve's office, sighing over a cup of coffee. "Did you and Anthony have a fallout?"

Genevieve smiled. "Mr. Hoffman is all business and no sentimentality. A falling out is expected."

Jacinta grew anxious. "Is there no other way? Everyone knows that the review is just a formality. The real obstacle was his refusal to sign. He's just looking for a legitimate reason to reject you. How can you give up like this?"

Genevieve knew Jacinta was genuinely worried about her. She smiled as she continued, "Well, I have no choice. If he drags me, I can do the same to him, too. Let's see who can handle it better!"

She didn't tell Jacinta about TuringTech Innovations either.

After all, Jacinta and Anthony were relatives. She had to be cautious.

Soon, Jacinta left.

The company worked late into the night. After drinking a cup of coffee, Genevieve walked out and saw everyone!

in the conference room busy at work. Even Maxwell's eyes were sunken from tiredness.

Seeing Genevieve standing at the doorway, he immediately perked up and greeted, "Ms. Lawrence."

"You've worked hard, Mr. Quigley," Genevieve replied.

"No problem at all. You've put your trust in me, of course, I'll have to do my best. But these people are nitpicking. I heard that Mr. Hoffman has specially instructed them to make things difficult for us. Why don't we..." Maxwell said hesitantly and glanced at Genevieve.

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"You've worked hard, Mr. Quigley," Genevieve replied.

"No problem at all. You've put your trust in me, of course, I'll have to do my best.

But these people are nitpicking. I heard that Mr. Hoffman has specially instructed them to make things difficult for us. Why don't we..." Maxwell said hesitantly and glanced at Genevieve.

Genevieve raised her eyebrows in response. "Just say what you want, Mr.

Quigley."

"Why don't you go to Mr. Hoffman and ask him for a favor? If you ask personally, I think he won't make things difficult for you," Maxwell suggested.

Genevieve looked at Maxwell indifferently and remained silent..

Maxwell's expression subtly changed as if he realized he had said too much.

"Ms. Lawrence, I..."

Genevieve suddenly laughed. "Yeah, doing business is that simple. Thank you for teaching me."

Maxwell's face turned pale. He explained anxiously, "That's not what I meant, Ms.

Lawrence. I..."

Genevieve raised her chin slightly, not taking it to heart. "Carry on with your work."

Then, she turned and went back to her office.

The next day. There was a formal meeting in the morning to discuss the evaluation results.

But a heavyweight internal evaluation document suddenly went missing.

No one from the people involved in the evaluation could find it.

Ten minutes before the meeting.

Eric arrived and sat next to Genevieve, nodding and offering the latter a smile.

Genevieve responded with a perfunctory smile.

Soon, the document was found.

It was said that Maxwell had absentmindedly put it in a pile of materials after reading it last night and only found it in the morning.

Genevieve nodded casually and glanced at the nervous Maxwell. "It's okay. It's found. Let's get started."

"Wait, Mr. Hoffman and Ms. Sanders are also here," someone said.

The meeting involved Turing Tech Innovations, so they had every reason to attend.

Genevieve nodded.

It had been about half a month since they last met.

With a commanding presence, Anthony entered the room. His tall stature and sharp features exude a cold and imposing aura like a dominant CEO. Instantly, all eyes were on him.

His eyebrows were as dark as ink, and his sharp gaze bore into Genevieve. He was devoid of any emotion.

It was widely known that the meeting was targeted at Genevieve by Anthony.

It was bound to be a battle of interests.

Everyone was waiting to see the result.

Yet, Genevieve remained composed. She offered a light and bright smile as she stood up to greet them, "Mr. Hoffman, Ms. Sanders, long time no see."

Her expression was pleasant and her smile sweet.

Jacinta smiled and nodded in response.

But she couldn't help worrying about he Anthony showed no emotion, but his brows deepened slightly as he took a seat opposite Genevieve.

He parted his lips and said sharply, "Genevieve, are you confident?"

He had sent a message for her to come and plead with him in person.

Even if it's not asking her to donate bone marrow, he still needed an opening that would work in his favor.

But Genevieve didn't.

She had cut off their contact cleanly.

Anthony was not happy at all. Genevieve smiled gently. "Why not?"

Anthony's gaze froze momentarily before looking away, feeling his throat a little dry.

The reviewers announced the review process and all the data was unfavorable to Lawrence Group.

Before the result was announced, Anthony couldn't help but glance over with sharp and indifferent eyes. "Genevieve, if you withdraw willingly, you can save a lot of trouble."

It was his way of saving the reputation of Genevieve and Lawrence Group.

He didn't want to fight her to the death.

But Genevieve only smiled lazily. "Mr. Hoffman, I can say the same to you. If you withdraw, you can save yourself a lot of trouble."

In an instant, the conference room fell silent.

Everyone could feel the chilly atmosphere and sharpness emanating from Genevieve and Anthony.

Anthony narrowed his eyes and straightened his back. He let out a confident chuckle, "Withdraw? Ms. Lawrence, why would I withdraw?" Genevieve's features were delicate, her voice gentle, yet every word she spoke carried a sting. "Mr. Hoffman, you seem confident and determined to kick me out, but I wondered how far you have gone with the project. Has Turing Tech Innovations been secured? Or have you found a replacement? You talk the talk, but have you walked the walk? I don't think you're the right person for the project, so I suggest you withdraw on your own accord!"

## Chapter 195

He was about to go straight to Genevieve's office, but Jasper stopped him. "SorryXMD Hoffman. You can't go in without an appointment. Ms. Lawrence is still in a meeting."

Anthony fixed his deep gaze on him, emanating an intimidating aura. Jasper suddenly fell silent.

Anthony pushed the door open and went in directly.

Genevieve sat on the couch, gently stroking Goldie. It seemed content and relaxed, across her bodoxed, sprawled lazily achten her body. Its coat gleamed from the nourishing meals it had enjoyed recently.

It felt amazing to touch.



Genevieve frowned at the person who barged in without any greWho the hell is that?"

She was sure the person was not Jasper.

She turned to see Anthony standing there with his tall and elegant figure that exuded an air of dignity and aloofness.

"Oh, it's him!" she exclaimed inwardly.

Genevieve smirked and turned away nonchalantly. "Mr. Hoffman, what brings you here?"

Anthony walked over silently, his gaze cold and deep. "Was TuringTech Innovations given to you by Louis?" Genevieve raised her brows. 'He found out pretty quickly,' she thought.

But sometimes, even being a second late meant losing everything.

"Yeah," she answered.

Anthony's eyes darkened.

He walked over and sat across her, his presence oppressive.

"Do you contact each other frequently?" he asked. Genevieve paused.

"Why was he asking about this? Wasn't he supposed to be begging for forgiveness on his knees or apologizing

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"Why was he asking about this? Wasn't he supposed to be begging for forgiveness on his knees or apologizing

profusely? Do I have to report my contact with Louis?" she thought.

She pressed her lips together and replied, "Of course. We're still married, after all,"

She laughed, watching his face darken bit by bit.

Genevieve glanced at him and felt sick.

Goldie sensed the discordant atmosphere between the two.

It jumped to the opposite couch and sat beside Anthony before menacingly flashing its two tiny canine teeth and barking at the latter.

It might not been effective, but its posture was on point.

Genevieve was stunned and felt a little touched. "The imported dog food over these days wasn't eaten in vain. Goldie was indeed a loyal and faithful golden retriever!" she thought.

Anthony's face darkened even more.

He held back his anger and gritted his teeth.

Goldie rushed toward Anthony, but its head was held firmly by the latter.

Terrified, Goldie stuck out its tongue and looked at Genevieve.

Genevieve's face turned red as she hurried over to snatch the dog away. "Be gentle. Goldie is a good dog!"

Anthony snorted coldly. "I can't tell. You're really going to keep it? It's just a stray."

Genevieve spoke leisurely, "It can tell good from bad, better than some people."

Anthony was speechless.

'Don't think I didn't get her subtle jab at me!' he thought.

He brushed off the dog hair from his clothes and asked, "How did Turing Tech Innovations end up with Louis?"

Genevieve looked up. "Do I need to explain to you?"

Anthony glared at her. "Why did you keep it from me?"

Genevieve looked at him meaningfully. "Because I wanted to know how far you'd go to pressure me into giving up the project, Mr. Hoffman. And, of course, I was not disappointed. You schemed so hard just to kick me out, but too bad, I disappointed you."

Anthony's gaze dulled slightly as he looked at her. "Is that what you think?"

"That's what you did," Genevieve replied with a smile.

Anthony fell silent for a moment, taking a deep breath to calm himself down.

"I had someone hint to you to come find me. Why didn't you?" Anthony's voice was low.

If she had come, maybe he would have relented.

Or he definitely would have relented.

Genevieve couldn't help laughing, feeling a sense of satisfaction as she turned the tables. "To beg you?

donate bone marrow for Lauraine in exchange? Anthony, do you think the whole world revolves around the Hoffman family? Well, it's my turn to speak now. As long as you kneel and beg me while crying bitterly, I might consider giving you a chance."

She sat on the side with Goldie in her arms, like a noblewoman in a mao painting.

Such a feeling was indescribably fantastic to her.

Chapter 196

Anthony pe Genevieve a meaningful look and didn't continue asking about the project. "I'm here to find out about the misunderstanding between you and Lauraine Genevieve's mercy and disappeared in an instant. "Misunderstanding? What if I told you it wasn't a misunderstanding but a grudge She tried to kill me. Why would she save her? Am I a generous person who repays evil with kindness"

Anthony Asskust frowns slightly. His gloomy eyes were full of sharpness and doubt. "That's impossible, Lauraine is the timidest. Why would she want to kill you? What kind of grudge could there be Genevieve smirked. to Anthony, Lauraine was a poor little bunny. It was no use talking more since they thought differently. "Forget it. Why don't you go back and ask Lauraine? I won't say anything lest others think I'm lying. Anyway, you won't believe me Genevieve stood up. "Bye Close the door for me when you go out." She walked to her desk and sat down. Her patience had run out. She looked smug, waiting for Anthony to beg her.

Anthony glanced at her and hesitated to speak. Seeing her smug look, he left without saying anything.

At the door, Anthony couldn't help turning to say, "Can you not keep that dog? I'm allergic to dog hair!"

Genevieve was speechless about the focus of his attention. "I'm happy to keep that dog. Did it eat your dog food?"

Anthony was furious and closed the door with a bang.

Genevieve chuckled, thinking. 'He must be desperate now and will come to beg me soon'

Maxwell's expulsion went well. Genevieve had arranged for people to watch him. Eric couldn't wait to get rid of Maxwell and went through the resignation procedures on the spot. Maxwell didn't even get to meet Genevieve.

Maxwell was only paid by Anthony to do jobs and wasn't from Hoffman Group, Anthony didn't care about him now, let alone let him work at Hoffman Group. Maxwell's stain of betraying the company could make him unable to get a job in any other company.

Genevieve wanted to take this opportunity to control Anthony, Kicking Maxwell out was for the best.

But several days later, Jacinta came with news. "Although the patent right of TuringTech Innovations belongs to the company, it will expire in one and a half years. Anthony has privately contacted the applicant for the patent

right, intending to take drastic actions."

Genevieve lost her smile, thinking, 'No wonder Anthony wasn't in a hurry to find the big shot behind Turing Tech Innovations. So he had a backup plan. Genevieve felt disappointed as if cold water had been poured on her.

"Ms. Lawrence, I believe he will no longer object to you winning the project. Why don't you take a step back?" Jacinta suggested.

Although Jacinta was objective and honest, Genevieve couldn't accept the plot going down the drain after she had planned to bring Anthony down for so long. "I'll think about it." Genevieve smiled as she saw Jacinta off.

The next day, Hoffman Group sent over a contract. It was the best solution for both parties. Anthony made a move so fast that he couldn't hide his snobbishness. Unfortunately, Genevieve didn't sign it.

At noon, Emilio came to Genevieve's office in full disguise. He called out to Goldie and held it in his arms as if they were close. Goldie looked calm.

"Why are you here?" Genevieve looked at him curiously.

Emilio smiled with bright eyes. "I took over a project of my family's company and lost 600 thousand dollars. My grandfather was so angry that he gave me a small company to practice. So, I no longer have to work at my family's company!"

Genevieve's mouth twitched. "Are you happy?"

Emilio couldn't hide his happiness. "Of course, I'm happy. That is an entertainment company, which is my strength. Come with me and have a look. You once worked at Eagle Entertainment. Help me find out what's wrong."

Genevieve was speechless. She knew Emilio had come to bring her trouble. She had no choice but to go with him.

Emilio held Goldie in his arms and followed Genevieve out with a smile. Goldie excitedly stuck out its tongue and snorted happily.

The company of the Sanders family was called "Star Entertainment", which was neither big nor small in the industry and had several A-list and B-list celebrities. However, the Sanders family wasn't involved much in the entertainment industry, so their focus wasn't there.

Genevieve took a look. The company's people management was simple, and the advantage of simplicity was that there would be no problems. It was suitable for Emilio. Both of them were happy with it.

After walking around, they were hungry and went to a pasta shop where they used to visit when they were

young.

It was full of people inside, so they sat outside. Neither of them was fastidious. They ate a plate of pasta each, while Goldie squatted across from them happily and waited patiently.

Passers-by took pictures of the scene. Some fans who recognized Emilio came forward excitedly. "Are you Emilio? Can I have your autograph, please?"

Emilio wasn't unhappy. "Sure!" He signed his name without hesitation and took photos with them.

Genevieve waited aside with Goldie in her arms, watching Emilio radiate enthusiasm and professionalism. She asked after everyone left, "Didn't you leave the entertainment industry?"

Emilio smiled innocently and brightly. "I didn't have so many fans before I left the industry!"

Genevieve was speechless.

At noon, the sunlight was bright, and the streets were bustling. Soon, pictures of Emilio and Genevieve eating face-to-face at a roadside stall became a trending topic. Goldie looked happy between them. They were like a family of three. The warm scene in the photo looked indescribably harmonious and pleasant.

One asked: [Emilio's girlfriend is Genevieve?]



Someone posted: [They look like a perfect match! Best wishes!]

Another remarked: [They're so happy. Two people and a dog. It's the life I dream of!]

Surprisingly, there were no abuse or negative comments on this trending topic. Everyone praised the photo as beautiful and harmonious happily and sincerely.

Genevieve and Emilio saw it but didn't take it seriously.

Emilio even complained, "When I was in the entertainment industry, I couldn't get on the trending topic even if paid for it. But once I left, I got on it even when eating. It's unfair!"

Genevieve couldn't help laughing.

In a few days, Emilio asked Genevieve out again. "I have a dinner tonight, it's about investment in the entertainment industry. I need a female companion, Ms. Lawrence!"

Genevieve couldn't help rolling her eyes but eventually agreed. After all, she had been in Eagle Entertainment for a long time and knew something about the industry.

Many people were in the clubhouse's private room, with women sitting around them. Emilio and Genevieve became the focus of attention as soon as they entered.

"Ms. Lawrence, you haven't been out for a while." Everyone looked at Genevieve in surprise and couldn't help joking. "You two were on the trending topic several days ago and showed up together now. Are you really together?"

In the crowd, a man with a strong aura sat elegantly and looked at them coldly. It turned out that Anthony was there, too.

Chapter 197

Emilio smiled and diverted the question, greeting everyone cheerfully and modestly. He had a good personality. and talked sweetly. In addition, given his status as the grandson of Cosmo Group, everyone would show him respect. Soon, he was pulled to join them for a drink.

Genevieve wore a cinched waist black dress today, accentuating her voluptuous figure. Her long curly hair hung on both sides, revealing her beautiful collarbone and smooth shoulders.

She saw Anthony and walked over with a smile. "Mr. Hoffman, what a coincidence!" Although she was going to give up the plan, she thought she had kept him waiting long enough for the contract, and it was time to ease their relationship.

Anthony looked up at her calmly with cold eyes. She was beautiful. Whether she was angry or acting like a spoiled child, her eyes were like stars, and her fine eyebrows highlighted her elegance, which could easily stir his emotions.

Genevieve said softly, "About the contract-

Anthony interrupted her with his handsome, cold face. "Genevieve, you broke the contract."

"What?" Genevieve was confused.

Anthony secretly gritted his teeth but suppressed the emotions in his eyes and pretended to look calm. In the darkness, he reached out and clutched Genevieve's arm tightly, as if he could break it with a little more force.

"You promised to stay with me and tell him to go, but you're now with this pretty boy again?" Anthony's voice was low and hoarse. "Genevieve, who do you think of me as? Someone at your beck and call?"

When the photo became a trending topic that day, he immediately asked someone to remove it. He didn't even have Genevieve's explanation or clarification. It seemed that she had admitted it silently. Anthony's green eyes looked aggrieved.

'He's aggrieved?' Genevieve looked at him in surprise, wondering, 'Aren't we over? It's a tacit understanding! Why does Anthony's reaction look like I have done something wrong to him?'

Genevieve suddenly found Anthony fascinating after he had lost his memory. They had just fought over TuringTech Innovations' project, but now, they were entangled in a personal relationship. 'He is so schizophrenic!' she thought...

Genevieve smiled and patted Anthony's arm. "He's just my friend. You're different." She looked like a jerk when saying that.

The emotions in Anthony's eyes surged as if there was a huge magnetic field in his eyes that could suck her in.

"Oh, what's different about me?"

Genevieve blinked, thinking. The plan goes on! She picked up the wine in front of him with a smile and handed it to him gently. "I treat him as a younger brother and you as....a lover."

Genevieve's red lips were gleaming, and her body had a faint orange fragrance. Anthony's eyes darkened when she approached him. She seemed to be a fatal temptation, which made his firm heart waver.

He had been angry for several days, even reflecting on what he had done too far. But he fell for her completely as soon as she lightly called him a lover. He admitted he had feelings for her, more intense than before.

Anthony was satisfied with Genevieve's behavior of offering him the drink without caring about how others looked at her.

He didn't take it. Instead, he took a sip from the glass she was holding. The wine flowed into his throat, and the bitter and sweet stimulation was like a fire, boiling in his heart. His anger of the past few days dissipated.

Anthony's green eyes flashed slightly, like a dangerous light glittering on the bottomless sea.  
"Genevieve."

"Huh?" Genevieve asked.

"Don't do it again." Anthony took the wine and drank it in one gulp when she was stunned.

Genevieve smiled brightly, looked at him, and exposed his thoughts. "You were jealous and angry. Why didn't you come to me?" She thought he silently agreed to cut off contact. 'Anthony is not direct in this aspect,' she mused.

Anthony pursed his lips. "I was waiting for your anger to subside."

"Then until when will you wait? How can you know I'm not angry anymore?" Genevieve asked.

"When you come to me, it means you're not angry with me anymore," Anthony replied naturally.

Genevieve was speechless and thought, 'Wow! The way a man thinks is so amazing!'

The private room wasn't the right place. Anthony and Genevieve left.

Genevieve sent a message to Emilio. Anthony snatched her phone and glanced at their chat history. Seeing that there was nothing overboard, he closed it and handed the phone to her.

Anthony looked gloomy and said in a teasing tone, "He brought you to such an occasion to take advantage of you. Can't you see that?"

He thought if their status were unequal, it would be exploitation. But if their status were equal, it would be at mutual favor Genevieve didn't explain much and just nodded. "I see. Thank you for seeing through it, or I would have been fooled!"

All men love such flattering words!' she mused and unconsciously thought of Rosalie, her predecessor. Although Rosalie was gone, her influence still existed. The thought of Rosalie wouldn't stir Genevieve's emotions anymore.

Anthony was satisfied with her answer.

When they walked out of the clubhouse, it was drizzling outside.

Genevieve stood there, feeling cold. She had left her coat in the private room. While hesitating whether to ask the staff to send it, she saw a young couple running out of the shop next door.

The man held his coat over the lady's head, and they both got under it. The lady leaned shyly in the man's arms.

Although they were running in the rain, their youthfulness and attitude of running toward the future were enviable. Genevieve watched as they ran away with secret regret.

The next second, Anthony's clothes were put on her head. Genevieve subconsciously pulled it down to her shoulders and put her arms into the sleeves, wearing it like a coat.

The two looked at each other. One looked blank, the other complicated.

Genevieve suddenly realized Anthony wanted to replicate the romance of that young couple. She couldn't stand it and would rather have him kick her into the rain from behind. She thought a fight between them would be more normal than the scene earlier.

Genevieve frowned, put on Anthony's clothes, grabbed her dress, and walked down the steps slowly.

The lights of the black Bentley parked on the roadside flashed. Genevieve walked up, paused, and looked back at Anthony. "Come and open the door for me." She demanded naturally and wondered, "Why is he so insensible?"

Anthony frowned at her, took a deep breath, and chuckled quietly. He shook his head helplessly and walked into the rain.

The ground was damp. His dark blue cufflinks glowed under the yellowish street lights. The glow was smeared with drizzle and instantly blurred. Then, the raindrops slipped down.

Anthony went over, opened the car door, and held his hand over Genevieve's head.

Genevieve naturally bent over, got in, and brushed the mist on her dress elegantly. She pulled Anthony's coat off her shoulders and tossed it aside.

Anthony got in the car from the other side and was stunned when he saw his coat. He smiled gently and said, "Genevieve, only you dare to order me around like this."

Chapter 198

When one had made the first move, it was bound to become a recurring event.

Anthony, being himself, didn't just drop her off downstairs and leave.

Instead, he followed Genevieve upstairs and looked around. With the thought about buying a penthouse nearby, he figured, "So it'll be easier for me!"

Genevieve walked in and went straight to feed Goldie.

Goldie was wagging its tail enthusiastically, clearly delighted.

Anthony looked at them, furrowing his brows, and then walked away.

He had taken allergy medicine several times because of that dog.

After changing her clothes in her room, Genevieve came out to find Anthony brewing coffee by the kitchen.

counter.

The aroma of the coffee filled the room, rich and enticing.

His muscular frame was flawless when viewed from behind.

"Why are you still here?" Genevieve asked straightforwardly as she was surprised to still see him there.

Anthony looked up and answered indifferently, "Aren't we supposed to talk about the contract?"

He had interrupted earlier in the private room, but he hadn't forgotten.

Genevieve suddenly realized and decided to seize the opportunity while it was still fresh, knowing any delay would seem pretentious.

The contract sent by Hoffman Group last time was unexpectedly not updated.

She hurriedly went to the study for printing.

When she came back out, he was gone.

She glanced around the empty living room in bewilderment. Then, she gritted her teeth in anger and hugged Goldie as she exclaimed, "That scumbag has no manners! He left without saying goodbye, worse than Goldie."

She thought, "Wasting my time!"

The next second, a man's voice came from the bathroom. "Genevieve, you've been cursing me behind my back, haven't you?"

Genevieve turned around in surprise. She smiled awkwardly and replied, "I can't bear to see you leave. If you leave, I'll be upset and unable to sleep!"

She was getting good at lying on the spot.

She looked at him, noticing droplets on his head, clad in a custom-made navy blue silk robe with white floral patterns.

Although designed for women, Genevieve left it untouched in the closet due to its oversized fit.

In the slightly tight robe, tall Anthony exuded casual elegance and handsome charm, reminiscent of an amateur model.

He seemed satisfied with her response.

Genevieve glanced at him, pursed her lips, and asked coldly, "Why were you taking a shower in my house?"

Anthony's sharp, deep gaze fixed on her as he leaned closer. He replied gently, "I got caught in the rain for you. Don't you care if I get sick? Besides, I'm afraid if I leave, you'll be upset and unable to sleep."

Genevieve frowned slightly and forced a smile.

She thought, "I am digging my own grave."

Anthony stepped past her, sitting on the couch, glancing at the contract she printed with a slight frown.



His hair was still wet from the shower. Since everything in the bathroom belonged to Genevieve, he didn't want to overstep, so he just dried it quickly before coming out.

There was a gray towel on the couch, and without much thought, Anthony assumed it was for guests and used it to dry his hair.

Goldie got up from its bed and trotted over to him, emitting a few barks.

Anthony glared at it and then ignored it.

Genevieve brought him coffee, and Anthony took it lazily before saying, "Why is your dog so rude? Get rid of it. Why does it bark at me?"

Genevieve glanced at Goldie, then back at Anthony, and couldn't help but defend her dog. "It's used its towel. It's mad at you."

Anthony se you stiffened slightly, glancing inconspicuously at the gray towel he had placed beside him, then at Goldie.

His intense gaze seemed to burn through the towel.

The angry Goldie calmed down as Genevieve gently stroked its fur, then went back to its bed.

Anthony, however, couldn't stay calm. He couldn't hold back and went back to the bathroom.

Genevieve couldn't help but laugh.

She found a clean towel and left it outside the bathroom door, then knocked lightly, saying, "I put a new towel outside."

Anthony didn't respond, probably still mad.

Shortly after, she heard the sound of water from inside.

Genevieve hummed a song as she sat on the couch while waiting.

He came out soon after.

She looked at his slightly cooler and gloomier expression than before, afraid he might leave in anger and void the contract.

She quickly made another cup of coffee and handed it over. "Mr. Hoffman, don't be mad. I've scolded Goldie, and its towel is put away."

Anthony's expression was cold as he glanced at her. "Do you have to keep this dog?"

In the past, Genevieve definitely wouldn't.

Her deep love for Anthony made compromising for him seem normal.

But now, she smiled gently and replied, "Yes, Goldie is like my son. I'll never abandon him."

When Anthony heard the word "son", his heart suddenly ached.

He remembered Daniel telling him that he and Genevieve had had an unborn child before their divorce.

Though he had amnesia and felt distant, the pain was real.

With a deep and intricate gaze, he glanced at the vigilant golden retriever, Turning away, his in eased, yet a weight on his chest made each breath uncomfortable.

restlessness

Genevieve didn't notice his change.

After expressing her thoughts, she took a seat on the couch and m continued, "I've reviewed the contract and there are no changes, Mr. Hoffman. If everything looks good to you, could you sign it? We'll get the legal department to proceed with it tomorrow."

Anthony calmly took a seat, flipped through a few pages, glanced over them, then signed directly below.

Leaning forward, he exposed prominent collarbones and a broad chest, exuding strength.

Genevieve, who sat across from him, happily collected the contract.

When she glanced up, she noticed the revealing view of his chest.

With a slightly stiff expression, she asked, "When are you leaving? Is the driver still waiting downstairs?"

Anthony didn't move. Instead, he lounged back on the couch. He asked in a weary tone, "Genevieve, do you like me? Or is it all fake?"

Genevieve froze, overwhelmed by guilt. Her hand trembled, almost dropping the contract.

Fortunately, she held on firmly. She tied up the contract and sorted through her emotions.

When she looked up at him, her gaze was calm and clear. "Of course it's real. Can't you feel my burning love?"

Holding her chest, she felt nauseated by her behavior.

Yet Anthony sat unmoved, seemingly examining the sincerity of her words.

In the next moment, he reached out his hand, his fingers were slender, like a piece of artwork.

Genevieve paused, her eyes blinking, as her delicate and soft fingers rested on his hand. With a firm pull, gently he drew her onto the couch beside him.

Genevieve's heart skipped a beat as she glanced up, catching sight of his pronounced Adam's apple and the defined muscles of his warm chest.

She tried to sit up, but his tight grip on her hand stopped her.

His hand radiated heat.

Genevieve avoided meeting his gaze, fearing he might see through her facade and unravel all her efforts.

"Burning love?" he repeated in a languid

Chapter 199

Genevieve felt embarrassed to admit it, fearing her words might enchant him and make him lose control.

After a prolonged standoff, Anthony finally released her hand, and then gently touched her eyes and brows.

Before she could sigh with relief, Anthony suddenly leaned in, his handsome face right in front of her.

Genevieve's heart skipped a beat.

Before she could react, Anthony's warm lips pressed firmly against hers, dominant yet aloof.

As their lips met, a surge of electricity surged through her, sending a delightful shiver down her spine.

The contrast in physical strength between the man and the woman became evident at that moment.

He appeared somewhat hurried but at the same time leisurely in his desire for control, both over her and himself.

He casually enjoyed kissing her, savoring the moment with his hand unmoving.

Her eyes, beautiful like stars on a calm summer night, draw one in with their irresistible charm.

When Genevieve gazed into Anthony's eyes, she snapped out of her daze, sensing a cold and restrained demeanor beneath his gaze.

She abruptly turned her head, taking deep, slow breaths to calm herself.

A momentary lapse nearly made her play pretend to turn real as if she had been transported back to the days of intimate closeness three years prior when his eyes were solely for her in moments like this.

Genevieve felt a cool sensation spreading through her heart, deepening with each passing moment.

Anthony thought she was nervous as she trembled slightly.

He instinctively pulled her into his arms.

Genevieve's scent resembled the shower gel he used, carrying a gentle, sweet orange fragrance that lingered softly.

They drew close together. The man exuded warmth, while the woman seemed refreshingly cool.

Genevieve felt embarrassed to admit it, fearing her words might enchant him and make him lose control.

prolonged standoff, Anthony finally released her hand, and then gently touched her eyes and brows.

Before he could sigh with relief, Anthony suddenly leaned in, his handsome face right in front of her.

Genevieve's heart skipped a beat.

Before she could react. Anthony's warm lips pressed firmly against hers, dominant yet aloof.

As their lips met, a surge of electricity surged through her, sending a delightful shiver down her spine.

The contrast in physical strength between the man and the woman became evident at that moment.

He appeared somewhat hurried but at the same time leisurely in his desire for control, both over her and He casually enjoyed kissing her, savoring the moment with his hand unmoving.

Her eyes, beautiful like stars on a calm summer night, draw one in with their irresistible charm.

When Genevieve gazed into Anthony's eyes, she snapped out of her daze, sensing a cold and restrained demeanor beneath his gaze.

She abruptly turned her head, taking deep, slow breaths to calm herself.

A momentary lapse nearly made her play pretend to turn real as if she had been transported back to the days of intimate closeness three years prior when his eyes were solely for her in moments like this.

Genevieve felt a cool sensation spreading through her heart, deepening with each passing moment..

Anthony thought she was nervous as she trembled slightly.

He instinctively pulled her into his arms.

Genevieve's scent resembled the shower gel he used, carrying a gentle, sweet orange fragrance that lingered softly.

They drew close together. The man exuded warmth, while the woman seemed refreshingly cool.

They were so close that their breaths mingled, and their hearts swelled, almost overflowing with emotion.

At this moment, he finally felt that Genevieve was his.

He felt her burning love.

Anthony's large hand gently patted her delicate shoulder, feeling warmth beneath his touch, yet he restrained himself from further contact as she trembled slightly.

He reassured her, "Don't worry, I won't touch you."

His voice was low, roughened as he restrained himself.

Although she loved him deeply, Anthony felt that it wasn't the right time.

If they were to become sexually intimate now, they would truly be looked down upon.

What he wanted was a relationship in the open, not a clandestine affair.

Genevieve came to her senses, leaning against his shoulder and then looking up at him.

Her earlier worries vanished, replaced by surprise and confusion.

Anthony wasn't one to compromise himself.

She wondered, 'He managed to hold back? Could it be out of respect?'

As she pondered, her mind wandered, 'Maybe he not only lost his memory but also had issues with his body?'

"Otherwise, it wasn't normal for him not to react after a kiss in such a romantic atmosphere.

The more Genevieve thought, the more uneasy she became as if she had stumbled upon some earth-shattering secret.

She stared at him wide-eyed, thinking, 'Maybe Anthony cannot handle it.'

Anthony looked down at her, puzzled by the changing expressions on her face.

In the next moment, Genevieve reached out her soft arm, gently encircling his neck. Blinking her eyes, she said, softly, "I understand. I'll keep your secret, no matter what happens to you. I like you a lot, truly, a lot."

Her honest confession filled Anthony's heart with joy.

He only caught her last sentence, which sent an e He happiness. That peculiar sensation lingered on.

He chuckled softly, his warm hand against her back, sensing the rush of affection as he gently touched her.



At that moment, the overwhelming surge of love overshadowed all his doubts and aloofness, causing them to fade away.

Genevieve's deep affection for him was palpable.

Genevieve tilted her head slightly and gave him a gentle smile.

Genevieve's gentleness and tenderness seemed capable of stealing away half of his life, and he welcomed it willingly.

Anthony's gaze deepened, drawing one in as if they could get lost in it.

He wanted to continue the kiss, but he held back, fearing he wouldn't be able to control himself any longer.

Anthony slowly steadied his breath, closed his eyes for a moment, then reopened them. He gazed at her with a clearer mind. He grabbed her hand, gently removing her arm from around his neck.

"Stop messing around. You need to go to sleep," he said, his tone gently coaxing and indulgent, even though he wasn't aware of it himself.

Genevieve blinked, thinking that Anthony might be experiencing physical issues and attempting to change the subject and divert attention.

She lifted her chin, playfully extending her hand. "Then carry me to bed."

She thought, 'Since he can't do anything to me, it's more meaningful when I take the initiative.'

Anthony cast her a dark glance, fully aware that he wouldn't refuse any of her requests, no matter how unreasonable or childish they might seem.

He sat up, smoothly lifting her onto his lap before rising and heading toward the bedroom.

When Genevieve was taking a shower, he had already taken a quick look around the entire place.

Signs of occupancy in the most luxurious master bedroom indicated it was hers.

Gently placing her on the soft bed, he felt her delicate hand grab the hem of his clothes as he stood up.

"It's too late, don't go. Why don't we just move in together?" she asked.

Anthony was taken aback by her words, caught off guard. Genevieve, with a smile on her face and her head propped up, said, "We don't have to do anything. I prefer a platonic kind of love."

Anthony's stiff posture relaxed slightly as he couldn't help but let out a soft chuckle.

He said in a husky voice, "Genevieve, are you trying to mess with me? Plato? Do you think I'm a saint? How many times do you think I can resist?"

He looked at hers with a hint of warning.

He couldn't believe he could restrain himself every time like today.

Genevieve lay on the soft blanket, her face delicate and beautiful, gazing at him with tender loving eyes. Thope NO you'll fall for me soon. Living together would be so much easier. But if you're not up for it, that's okay."

She sighed, seeming disappointed, then turned over and pulled the blanket around herself.

But inside, she was about to burst out laughing.

Plato was just an excuse she used for him; she couldn't believe he wouldn't accept it.

If his body were functioning right, Genevieve wouldn't dare suggest this.

Anthony watched her silently, his emotions churning like the turbulent waves of the ocean, rising and falling with each passing moment.

Cool, decisive, delicate, and gentle....

She seemed to have a fatal attraction to him.

Despite knowing that invisible dangers, he found himself drawn closer, unable to resist."

"If I'm not working late, I'll come over." That was his compromise.

Anthony headed back to the bathroom, taking a little longer for his shower this time.

When he came out, Genevieve was almost asleep.

He went straight to the other side of Genevieve's bed and lay down.

She considered suggesting he sleep in the guest room, but considering his condition, she felt it wasn't it risky, so she let him stay, like having Goldie nearby.

The night was dark and still. Genevieve rolled over and into Anthony's arms groggily.

Putting his arm around her shoulder, Anthony spoke, his voice rich and low in the darkness. Though it was almost a whisper, it woke her up instantly. "Genevieve, tell me about what happened before our divorce?"

"Huh? Is he insane?" thought Genevieve. Her sleepiness disappeared, and she rolled her eyes.

Chapter 200

It was a shame Anthony couldn't see that.

She just wanted to keep pretending she was asleep.

Suddenly, Anthony's phone rang.

Frustrated, she rolled over and returned to her side of the bed.

Anthony declined the call before sitting up.

Under the glow of a dim wall lamp, the room was filled with a light aroma of essential oils.

Anthony knew she was awake. He didn't rush her.

It was better to learn the past from her than from others.

It would be objective and straightforward.

Genevieve turned and sat up, drawing her hair up casually. Some stray locks fell, making her look sleepy and languid.

Her features were gentle and beautiful in the soft glow.

She simply sat in silence. After a long while, she sighed, and her shoulders started to tremble inadvertently.

Perhaps this was the breaking point for her. When she recalled a specific moment from the past, she no longer wanted to contain her emotions.

Stunned, Anthony looked up to see her crying.

"Genevieve, why are you crying?"

1. "If you don't want to tell me, then don't," he said.

It didn't seem like Anthony had any experience consoling a woman. The confusing situation at hand sent him into a panic.

He froze when his hand touched Genevieve's face..

His hand was wet with her tears..

She wasn't pretending.

Anthony's heart sank.

The next second, Genevieve pushed him away, disgusted by his touch, and got up from the bed.

Choked with sobs, she said, "You can easily find out what happened, can't you? Just ask someone else. I feel no remorse for you. When my love for you was at its strongest, you dealt me a fatal blow. With your illegitimate child and mistress, you forced me into a divorce. You ruined my life!"

She couldn't stop her tears at the thought of the unspoken child.

It was the wrong time and place. There was no way she could've kept the child.

She couldn't possibly look back on everything with a smile.

She didn't even want to act anymore. All she wanted was to be away from him.

She was suddenly hysterical.

Following his shock, Anthony immediately jumped down and hugged her..

Her body seemed to have lost all of its warmth. She was ice-cold.

He felt a dull pang in his chest.

She wasn't acting.

Her words had brought on strong feelings of agreement and grief in him.

"I'm sorry. Let's stop. Calm down, Genevieve. Stop thinking about it. Il 3 an in sus pres Genevieve struggled to push him away and staggered outside. "Go away. I changed my mind. I don't want to be with you anymore. I don't even want to look at you right now. Leave!"

She pushed Anthony away. Afraid of hurting her by being too rough, Anthony let her push him back.

With a sullen look, he sighed and moved closer to hug her. "All right, I'll leave. Don't be angry, and don't come out in case you catch a cold. Go back to sleep. I'll leave now."

His cold lips brushed her forehead. He was reluctant and crestfallen.

"Genevieve, I won't hurt you," he uttered.

He was shoved out the door before it was slammed shut.

She didn't believe his nonsense.

Anthony was cold-hearted before he lost his memory. She couldn't possibly expect him to change after losing his memory.

A leopard couldn't change its spots. She no longer held any expectations for him.

Anthony's heart trembled as he stood outside the room, listening to the restrained and muffled crying inside.

Anguish filled his chest, suffocating him.

He stood there for quite a while before turning around and returning to the living room.

Outside the master bedroom was Goldie's territory.

Goldie's branded toys and clothes were everywhere. It was leading a life of extravagance.

Anthony's neck had begun to itch.

The rashes from his allergy had kept him from falling asleep just now.

He searched around the room but couldn't find any allergy medication.

He had to call his driver and ask him to bring up the prepared clothes and allergy medicine.

Aller

He was too concerned about her to leave now.

Fortunately, she had only kicked him out of the bedroom, not the house.

Her reactions had taken him aback.

He couldn't claim innocence for everything he'd done.

He wondered if he had truly treated her that badly.

However, if he had felt nothing for her, why did he have such an intense and long-repressed fondness for her now?

Anthony sat on the couch in dismay, wide awake.

Seeing that Genevieve wasn't coming out, Goldie moved about Anthony excitedly.

It seemed to be inspecting its territory and regarded Anthony as the object of its inspection.

Now and then, it would shake its shiny blond coat beside him.

It appeared to be showing off, as if to say, "Are you jealous of my coat? You don't have it.

After Goldie circled Anthony a few times, even wanting to pee on him to mark its territory, Anthony couldn't stand it anymore.

He grabbed Goldie's collar and tossed it into the storeroom far away before closing the door.

Fortunately, the rooms here had great soundproofing. No matter how much the dog thrashed about inside, he wouldn't hear it outside.



After it quieted down, Anthony was satisfied.

The night went by.

When it was dawn and the faint sunlight pierced through the clouds, landing on the windows, Anthony opened

his eyes again.

He glanced at the quiet bedroom and breathed a sigh of relief.

After he had someone deliver breakfast, he headed to the storeroom, u with long strides.

If there was a problem, it needed to be fixed.

He had to fix his allergy with the golden retriever.

Genevieve awoke with her head feeling muddled and heavy.

The bedroom was dark..

Sensing she was awake, the smart curtains automatically drew back a layer to admit some gentle light.

Genevieve's face darkened as she remembered the events last night.

She was vexed.

She went straight to the bathroom to wash up. Luckily, her eyes were not swollen. She just needed a facial mask.

Once she was done, she walked out and suddenly noticed that the living room was quiet.

Goldie had always come to greet her as soon as she came out at this time.

'Where's Goldie?' she wondered.

Genevieve glanced around. She didn't see it in the doghouse either.

However, she could smell the chowder on the table.

She walked over. Seeing the delicious food on the table, she felt better.

'Maybe the servant came and took Goldie for a walk after making breakfast?' she thought.

She was halfway through breakfast when someone opened the door. Before she could tell who it was, she watched as a silhouette dashed inside from between their legs.

Goldie barked and whined pitifully.

It sounded like it was complaining.